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# THE FINLAND

RHYMES

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By

Josephine  
Pollard.

DESIGNS


By

Walter Satterlee

New York

George W. Hatlan & Co.





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Designed by  
Walter Saterlee.

Poems by  
Josephine Pollard.

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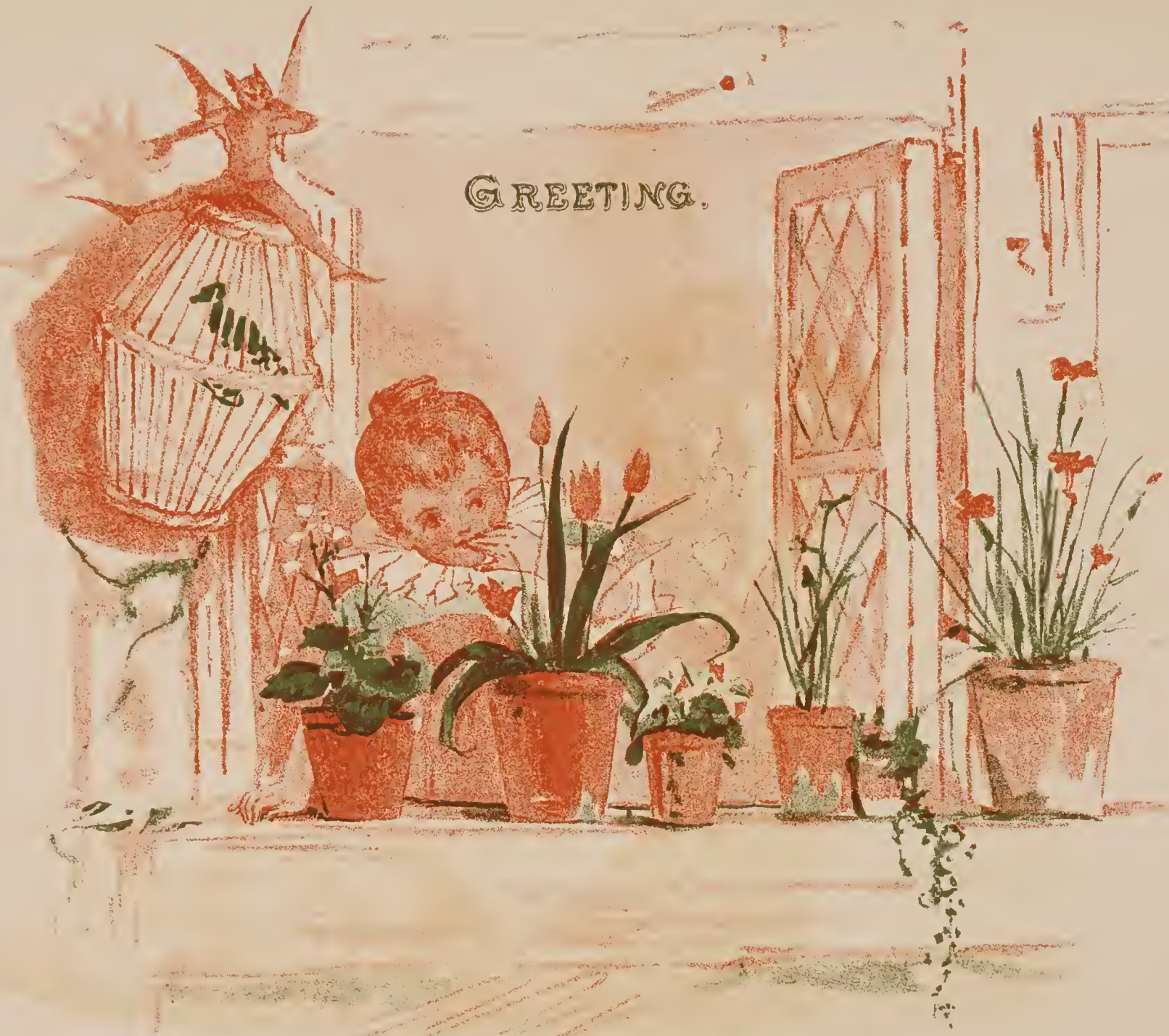
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GREETING.

*Here and there and everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Sport a merry Elfin crew,  
Ready for a romp with you.*

*Set your hearts and windows wide,  
Let them in on every side.  
And with this delightful band,  
Take a stroll through Elfin-Land.*



MY LADY WEARS A PRETTY TRAIN,  
 THAT REACHES FAR, AND STRETCHES WIDE,

AND SILK OR SATIN THOUGH IT BE,  
 THE WHOLE GRIMALKIN FAMILY  
 WILL CUT BEHIND AND TAKE A RIDE.

## THE MAN IN THE MOON



The man in the moon once had a wife,  
And she was really the plague of his life.

They used to sail in a bright canoe,  
From east to west, o'er the sky so blue.

But she was restless and he was rough,  
And said he hadn't half room enough.

One night in turning the boat around,  
The woman fell out, and she was drowned.

And down in the lake she sails alone  
In a lovely boat that is all her own!





SHE HAS SLAVES TO DO HER BIDDING;  
 ALL THE BIG AND LITTLE FISHES,  
 BRING HER JEWELS WITHOUT NUMBER,  
 AND PREPARE HER DAINTY DISHES.

## A Very Handsome Mermaid.

A VERY HANDSOME MERMAID,  
 FATHER NEPTUNE'S ONLY DAUGHTER;  
 HAS A VERY LOVELY BOWER,  
 ALL HER OWN, BENEATH THE WATER.

WE HEAR ABOUT HER GRACEFUL FORM,  
 THE CHARMS WITH WHICH SHE'S LADEN,  
 BUT NO ONE YET HAS EVER SEEN  
 THIS WONDERFUL SEA-MAIDEN.



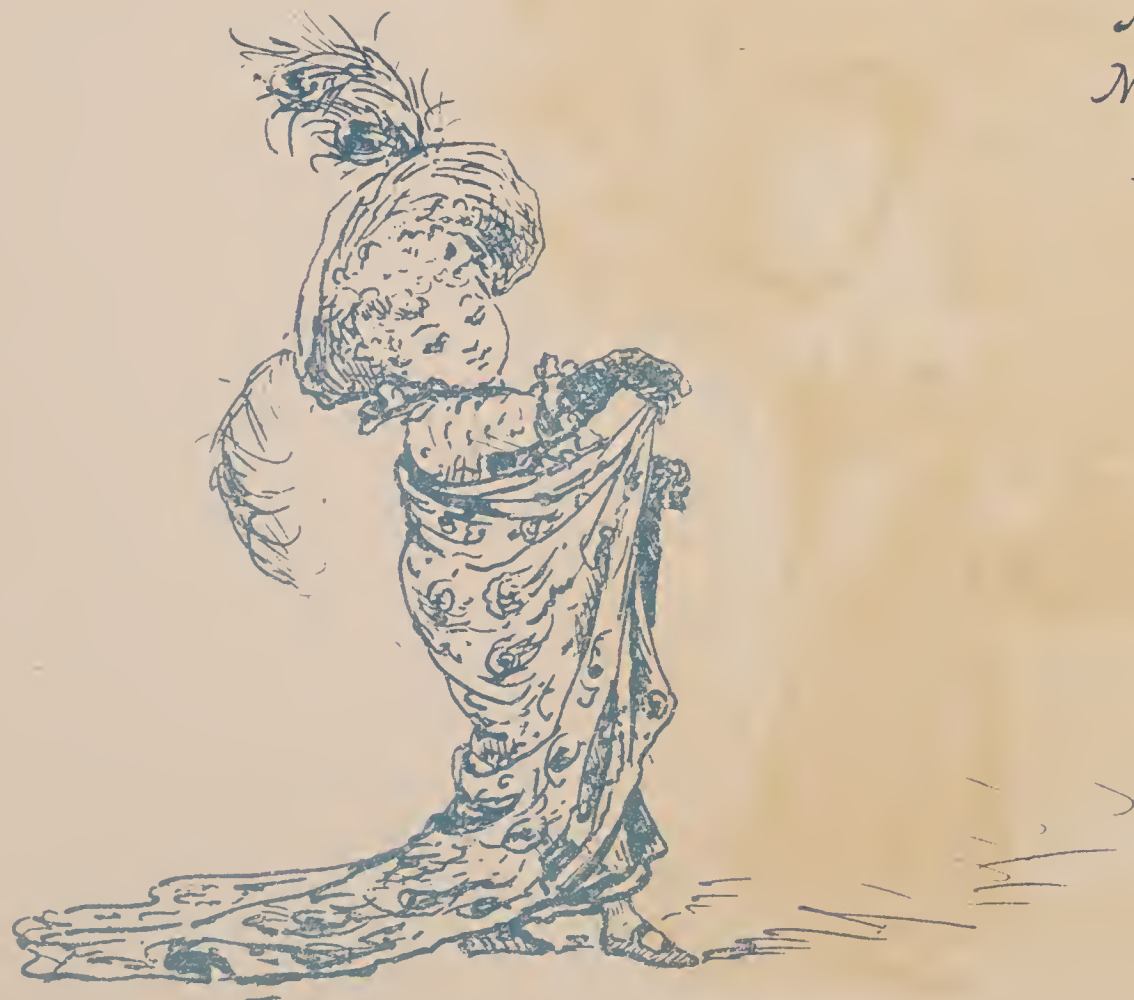


## The Peacock's Train.

*The peacock spreads his brilliant train,  
And struts about with pride,  
No other bird seems quite so vain,  
In all the regions wide.*

*Each plume is like a sparkling gem,  
Of rich and radiant dyes;  
Some cherub must have painted them,  
And all those shining eyes.*

*And if I had as fine a gown  
As his, upon my word  
I'd strut a little, up and down;  
And be as vain a bird.*







## THE DANCE ON THE BEACH

A STAR-FISH stood on the sandy shore  
 To list to the seaside band,  
 As with rumble-tumble dash and roar  
 The waves swept over the land.

The man in the moon from his binnacle soon  
 Suspended the beacon-light.  
 "Aha!" cried the star-fish, full of glee,  
 "I'll have a nice dance to-night!"

A jig and a hornpipe all alone  
 He danced to a lively tune,  
 And capered about with his shadow there  
 In the silvery light of the moon.

Then up came others by twos and twos,  
 Some of them real old salts,  
 Who danced the Polka, Virginia Reel,  
 And the new Society Waltz.

With twinkling feet they skipped about  
 Like elves on the shining sand,  
 And kept good time to the rhyme and chime  
 Of the famous seaside band.

They danced and capered, and skipped and tripped,  
 As merry as they could be,  
 Till the tide came up with a sudden rush  
 And swept them into the sea.



*The Bee's Mistake.*

*A little girl by the name of Rose,  
In a quiet corner sat,  
When a honey-bee sailed round and round  
The rim of her garden-hat.*

*Said the bee, "ah me! so sweet a flower  
I haven't beheld to-day!"  
And he came so near to the pretty Rose,  
That she screamed as she ran away.*

# A Light Headed Family



I.

An excellent family, every one said,  
 But rather too airy and light in the head ;  
 Why, it was a fact  
 Good judgment they lacked,  
 And many, yes, many were certainly cracked !

III.

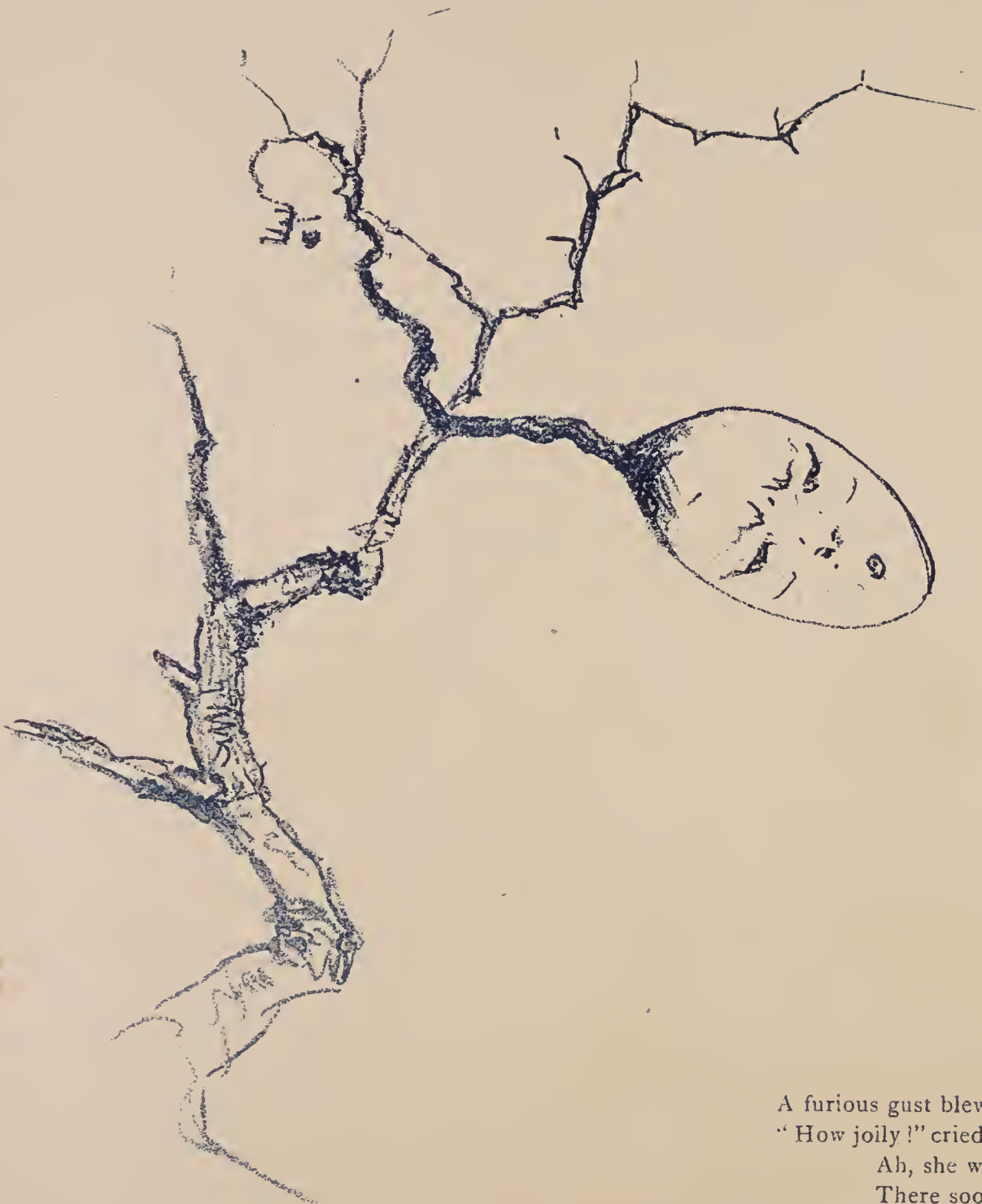
They made up a party to visit the moon,  
 Each member to furnish a private balloon ;  
 They said, " We will fly  
 Along through the sky,  
 And anchor ourselves to the stars by and by."

II.

There was Mrs. Henpen with a very stiff cap ;  
 And Master Goose-loose—a remarkable chap ;  
 And Mr. Foochoo  
 With a very long cue,  
 And Bo-peep, and Dorking, and little Boy-Blue.

IV.

That they had any brains there is reason to doubt,  
 For the wind blew a gale on the day they set out,  
 And Foochoo, don't you see,  
 Was caught fast in a tree !  
 Oh never was Chinaman madder than he !



v.

They wanted to stop, but they couldn't, you know,  
 For, having once started, they just had to go ;  
     And lightly they soared,  
     And strange countries explored,  
 But they hadn't the least bit of ballast on board.

vi.

Now over the hills they went thumpety-thump !  
 'Gainst each other's heads they went bumpety-bump !  
     Now here and now there,  
     But it didn't much scare  
 This light-headed family, I do declare !

vii.

A furious gust blew them all in a bunch ;  
 "How jolly !" cried Mrs. Henpen. "Let's have lunch !"  
     Ah, she was too rash !  
     There soon was a crash !  
 And the light-headed family all went to smash !





## THE SUNFLOWER DANCE.

"COME, DANCE WITH ME!" THE SUNFLOWER SAID,  
TOSSING HIS LOCKS ABOUT,  
TILL THEY STOOD LIKE AN AUREOLE ROUND HIS HEAD,  
"LET'S DANCE 'TILL THE STARS COME OUT!"

HE LED THE WAY, AND IN SINGLE FILE  
THEY DANCED THROUGH THE FIELDS OF CORN;  
WHILE THE SUN WENT DOWN WITH A CHEERFUL SMILE,  
AND LAUGHED WHEN HE ROSE NEXT MORN!





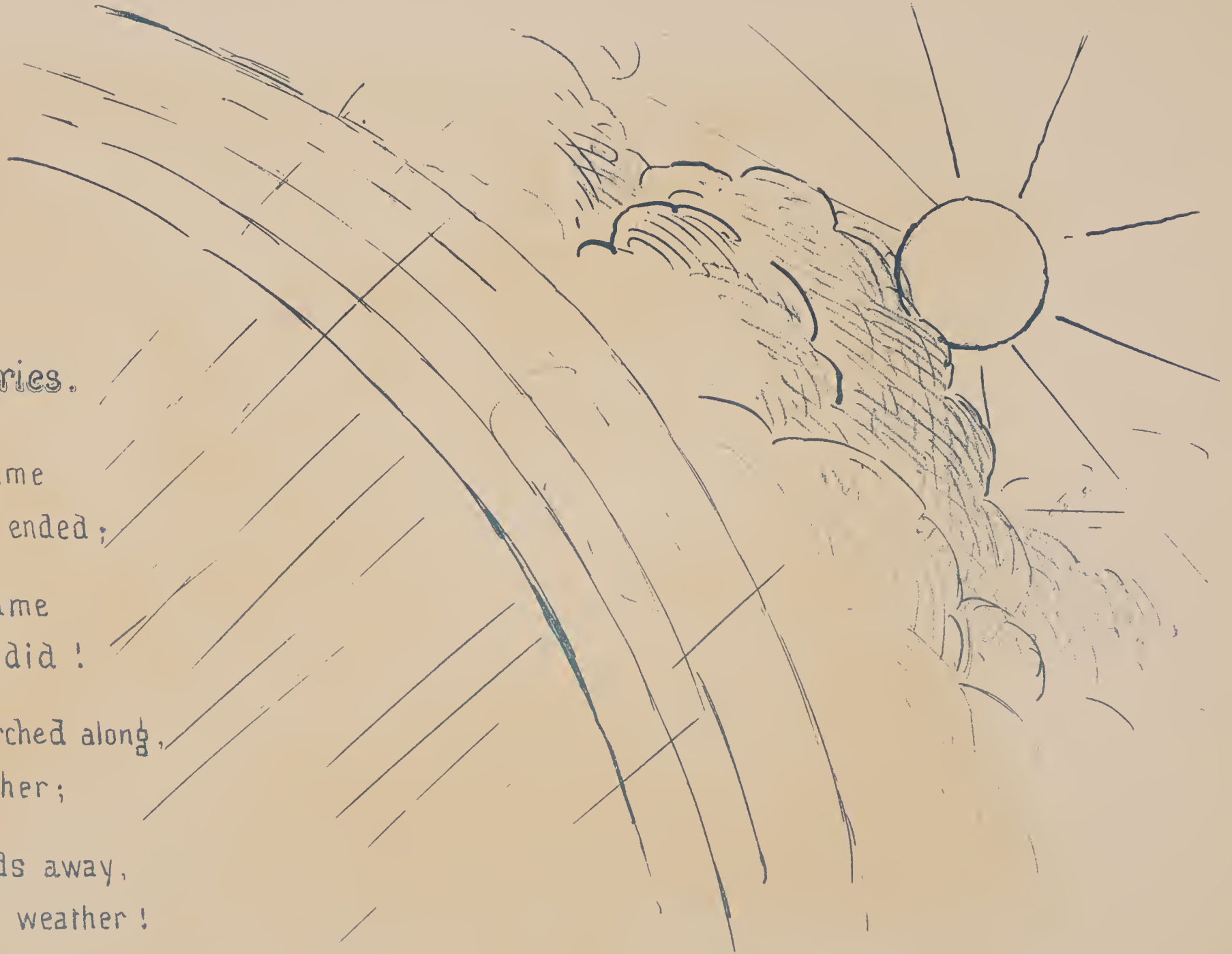
## Seven Little Fairies.

Seven little fairies came  
When the storm was ended;

Seven little fairies came  
Drest up very splendid!

Hand in hand they marched along,  
Keeping close together;

Driving gloomy clouds away,  
Bringing back clear weather!





## Which Shall Win ?

Johnny was a little boy, but he had a wish  
 When he went a-fishing, to haul in the biggest fish;  
 Hook and line so strong as his, surely could not fail,  
 Johnny thought, to catch a shark, or perchance, a whale.

Early on a rainy day, Johnny on the shore  
 Felt a tugging at his line; never felt before;  
 Then he straightened up, and said, opening wide his eyes,  
 "Cracky! now I guess I've got something like a prize!"



Johnny pulled and tugged away; then he gave a look;  
 Saw a monstrous turtle fastened firmly to his hook;  
 Took a firmer hold and said, "which of us shall win?  
 I must either pull you out, or you'll pull me in!"





## Little Dame Pansy.

LITTLE DAME PANSY PUT ON HER BEST BONNET,  
 THERE WASN'T A RIBBON OR FEATHER UPON IT,  
 AND WALKING ALONG THROUGH A PATH THAT WAS SHADY,  
 SHE HAPPENED TO MEET WITH A VERY OLD LADY.

THIS VERY OLD LADY, THERE WAS NO DENYING,  
 WAS VERY MUCH TROUBLED, HER CAP-STRINGS WERE FLYING,  
 "O DEAR MISTRESS PANSY!" SHE CRIED;" I'LL GO CRAZY!  
 FOR SOME ONE HAS STOLEN MY LOVELIEST DAISY!"

"YOU OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL!" THE LITTLE DAME PANSY  
 MADE ANSWER," THAT SOME ONE HAS TAKEN A FANCY  
 TO SOME OF YOUR CHILDREN. DON'T BE IN A PASSION!  
 FOR DAISIES, YOU KNOW, ARE THE TIP OF THE FASHION!"

## Bad Luck.

*A little Brittany maid,  
Who never wore gowns of silk,  
Sat down all alone  
On a great round stone,  
With a nice bowl of bread and milk.*

*A pert little magpie came,  
His saucy respects to pay,  
"Good luck!" cried the maid,  
Not a bit afraid  
"I shall have good luck all the day!"*

*Then ere she had ceased to laugh,  
For she was a merry soul,  
She looked again,  
And saw very plain  
Two magpies perched on her bowl!*

*The maiden began to cry  
"Alas! and alack-a-day!  
'Tis surely a sign  
Bad luck will be mine!  
Bad luck!"—and she ran away.*





## A VERY POLITE LITTLE BOY.

I knew a little boy  
 So exceedingly polite;  
 He wouldn't leave the room, unless  
 He asked you if he might;  
 His hair was always smooth,  
 And he looked so spick and span,  
 You really might have thought  
 He was a wooden little man!

One day as he began  
 To remark, "Sir, if you please"-  
 Intending to apologize  
 If he should chance to sneeze;  
 Quite suddenly he gave  
 A funny little shriek,  
 And everybody jumped in-to  
 The middle of next week.

And the little boy himself,  
 Very nearly died of fright;  
 Because he'd been so very  
 Very, very impolite!





### THE FAN-TRIBE.

*O far away by a tropic sea,  
And near to a jungle dell,  
Neath the scorching rays  
Of the sun's bright blaze,  
The fan tribe Indians dwell.*

*No silken, satin or velvet gowns,  
No laces do they possess,  
But from year to year,  
They always appear  
In this fantastic dress.*



The moon has a host of children  
 That never are seen by day;  
 But Oh! in the night  
 'Tis a pretty sight,  
 To see them frolic and play.

They harness the stars together,  
 And over their race-course ride;  
 Or gather in crowds  
 On the fleecy clouds,  
 And down on the moonbeams slide.



### A Lily-Race.

A swarthy son of a savage race,  
 A brave young Indian lad,  
 Set out from shore in a light canoe,  
 His foot on a lily-pad.

His oar was only a slender rush,  
 He managed with native grace,  
 And he hurried along, for close behind  
 Another had given chase.

Together they darted adown the stream,  
 Each poised in his light canoe,  
 'Till in their strivings to keep ahead,  
 Their oars were broken in two.

And that was the end of the lily-race;  
 For soon with a savage roar,  
 The Indian boys jumped into the stream,  
 And both of them swam ashore.



# THE JAPANESE FAMILY



SAID MR. JAPANESE TO MRS. JAPANESE,  
 AS HE AND SHE HAD A TALK,  
 ON A PLEASANT SUMMER DAY,  
 "SHALL I GET A RIK-I-SHAY?  
 OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK?"

SAID MRS. JAPANESE TO MR. JAPANESE,-  
 AH, SHE WAS A CLEVER SOUL!-  
 "IF I CAN HAVE MY WAY,  
 YOU'LL NOT GET A RIK-I-SHAY,  
 BUT WITH THE CHILDREN TAKE A QUIET STROLL."

SO MR. JAPANESE AND MRS. JAPANESE  
 AND THE LITTLE JAPANESES. TOO,  
 SET OUT IN INDIAN-FILE,  
 IN THE VERY LATEST STYLE,  
 WITH THEIR EYES AND MOUTHS PRODIGIOUSLY ASKEW.

THROUGH GARDENS TRIM AND NEAT, TO SMELL THE BLOSSOMS SWEET  
 THEY GO, AND OVER FENCES CLIMB,  
 AND WHEN THEIR WALK IS DONE,  
 THEY CRY OUT, EVERY ONE,  
 "WE'VE HAD A LOVELY JAPAN-EASY TIME!"







## TULIPS.

Tulips bright in the garden beds,  
Lift up their heads ;  
No other blossoms are as gay  
And proud as they.

But I know where some tulips grow,  
Ah, Yes, I know !  
More rich and sweet than any flower  
In garden bower.

"Good morning !" say my tulips red,  
As out of bed  
They spring ; and other tulips greet  
With kisses sweet.

And that is why I love them so,  
You ought to know ;  
And tulips you may likewise find  
To please your mind.





## PRETTY LITTLE NUNS.

PRETTY LITTLE NUNS IN THEIR PURPLE HOODS,  
 LIFT THEIR LITTLE FACES FAIR,  
 IN THE LONELY CORNERS OF THE QUIET WOODS;  
 AND MAKE A LITTLE CHAPEL THERE.

AND PRETTY LITTLE NUNS IN THEIR PURPLE HOODS,  
 MEET IN LITTLE CLUSTERS, WHERE  
 THEY LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF THE GRAND OLD WOODS.  
 AND REVERENTLY KNEEL IN PRAYER.

## A Garden Party for Three.

UP IN AN APPLE-TREE CORNER SAT,  
 A LITTLE GIRL AND A PUSSY-CAT,  
 JUST AS COSY AS THEY COULD WISH,  
 EATING OUT OF A CHINA DISH.



CLOSE BESIDE THEM A BIG BLACK CROW,  
 SAUCY AND THIEVISH HE WAS, YOU KNOW-  
 CAME AND PERCHED, SAYING "O DEAR ME !  
 WHAT A NICE GARDEN PARTY FOR THREE !"

THE LITTLE GIRL HAD ENOUGH TO EAT ;  
 THE CAT AND THE CROW HAD A ROYAL TREAT ;  
 AND SOME OTHER DAY IN THE APPLE-TREE  
 THERE'LL BE A NICE GARDEN PARTY FOR THREE !

*BLACK-EYED SUSAN.*

*Little black-eyed Susan  
Through the meadows went  
Pretty little Sukey-Sue!  
To visit her Grandmother  
Was the little maid's intent,  
And to wish her a "how-de-do?"  
Little black-eyed Susan  
Was a clever child;  
Pretty little Sukey-Sue!*

*And to every one who came along,  
She courtesied and she smiled,  
With a nice little "how-de-do?"  
Little black-eyed Susan  
Stopped awhile to rest;  
Pretty little Sukey-Sue!*

*When a lot of funny little folks,  
In black and yellow drest,  
Popped up, and said "why! how-de-do?"  
Little black-eyed Susan,  
Pretty courtesies made;  
Clever little Sukey-Sue!  
And nodding to the other  
Black-eyed Susans, sweetly said,  
"I'm pretty well. Pray how are you?"*





VERY ÆSTHETIC.

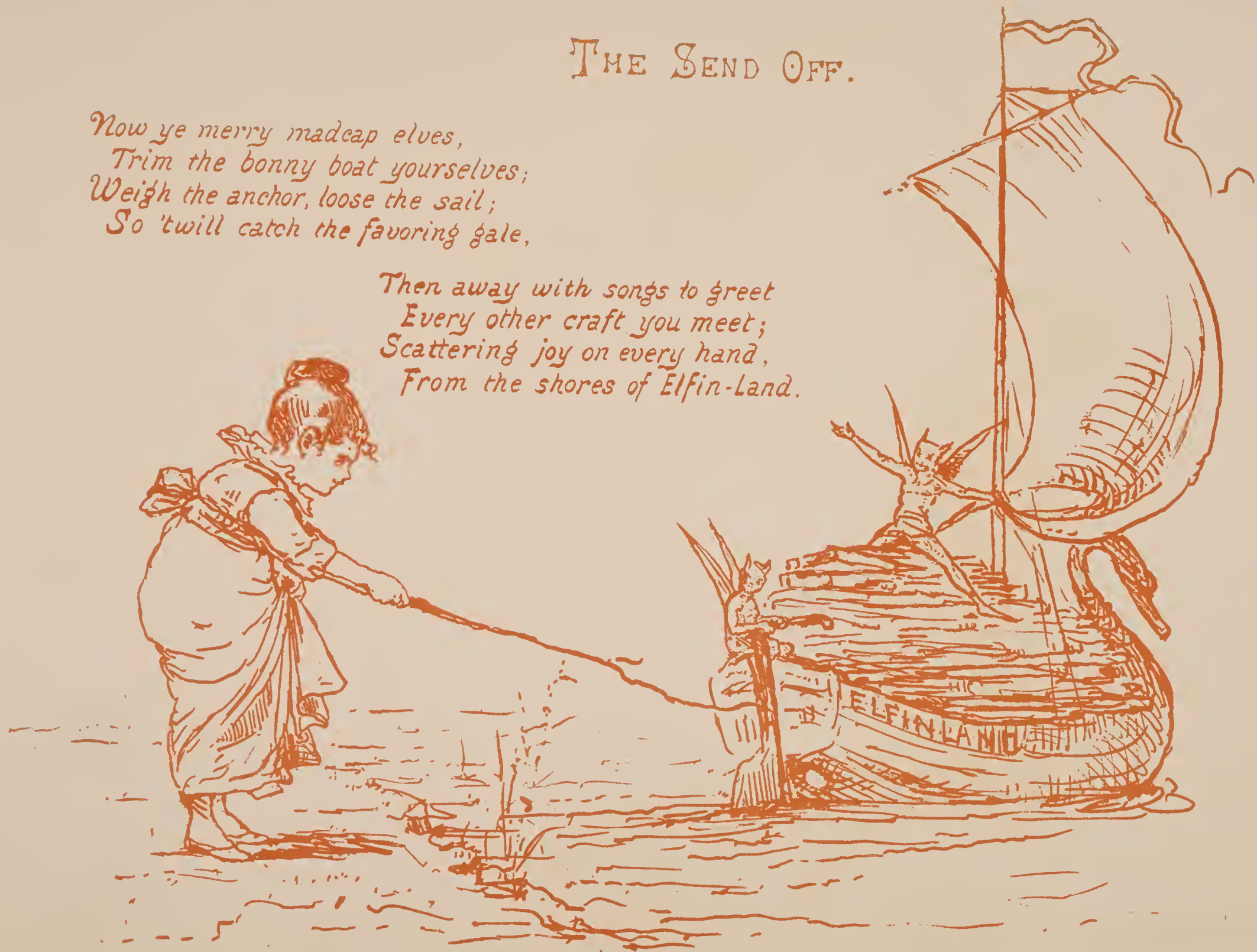
No limpy-and-lanky maid,  
 No skimpy-and-cranky jade,  
 This dear little queer little elf;  
 But wherever you find her,  
 She is dragging behind her,  
 A Sunflower as big as herself!

At children too rude and robust,  
 She turns up her nose in disgust,  
 Yes, she turns up her little nose.  
 So Æsthetic; she couldn't,  
 She declares, and she wouldn't,  
 Be seen with such creatures as those!

## THE SEND OFF.

*Now ye merry madcap elves,  
Trim the bonny boat yourselves;  
Weigh the anchor, loose the sail;  
So 'twill catch the favoring gale,*

*Then away with songs to greet  
Every other craft you meet;  
Scattering joy on every hand,  
From the shores of Elfin-Land.*















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